

## Annual Embroidery Sale

Our importation order of Embroideries have arrived and will be placed on sale

**Next Saturday,**  
and will continue for one week. The best values ever offered and the largest stock ever shown in Columbia.

**All B. & A. Wash Embroidery Sale.**  
2 Skeins for 5c.

## Lace Curtains.

A little early for Lace Curtains, but it will pay you to buy at prices we are offering and lay them away until you need them.

**Free to Our Trade.**

Beautiful Presents. Call and see them.

**The Trade Palace,**  
T. C. PETRI, Proprietor.

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

(Continued from Third Page.)

#### CULLEOKA.

CULLEOKA, Jan. 11.—We've moved to town and have found town-life so full and busy that not a minute have we found for writing. Yet we will soon be settled in our new home, and will again resume the even tenor of our way.

Saturday and Sunday Rev. J. H. Stewart held his first quarterly meeting at this place. The reports of the pastor and stewards were very encouraging.

Odel W. McConnell, of the Mopressville neighborhood, has a good stock of general merchandise in the Craig house, and is ready to serve all customers. He will move to the Hughes dwelling during the week. We welcome him into our business ranks, and are glad to have him and his wife as citizens of our town.

Miss Sue Wilkes has returned from a short visit to Pulaski.

Miss Brownie Tomlinson arrived home Monday night, after a two-week's visit to Mrs. Matt Sherrill, in Fayetteville, and Mrs. King in Lewisburg.

W. E. A. Shaw, who was hurt by a horse recently, is getting along as well as could be expected.

Mr. O'Neal was in town last week in the interest of the Nashville Banner.

Mrs. Thomas is now entertaining the transient boarders. It is a pretty, comfortable home, and all who enjoy her hospitality will be delighted.

Mrs. Evans and R. A. Wilkes are recovering from their attacks of sickness.

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Frierson have moved to the Zion neighborhood. We regret to give these good people up. The following testimony of love and respect was drawn up by official members of the Presbyterian church:

"Presbyterian church at Culleoka, Maury Co., Tenn., Dec. 29th, 1897. Elders present, George Williamson, James Smither and John Wilson, Sr."

"Being desirous to give expression of our regret at parting with Mr. Frierson, our beloved pastor, who has been with us during the past eleven years, during which time he has made many friends and no enemies, we write this memento as a testimony of our regards. He has at all times been a faithful and an earnest worker in his Master's vineyard, as gentle and kind as a woman, but firm and positive in the discharge of his ministerial duties."

"As a neighbor, friend and pastor, he was ever ready to respond to the call of duty or the cries of the needy or distressed."

"It will be difficult for us to fill his place. With much sorrow and deep regret, we, in the evolution of events (over which we had no control), are called upon to sever these ties, thus welded by so many years of brotherly union."

"Mrs. Frierson has been a true help-mate in this good work. She has been a kind and efficient teacher in our Sunday-school, winning many friends among those with whom she was brought in contact. She chose and acted well her part, and it will not be taken from her."

"We part with them in regret and affectionately recommend them to any community or organization they may be desirous of attaching themselves."

"GEORGE WILLIAMSON,  
"JAMES SMITHER,  
"JOHN WILSON, SR."

With best wishes for the New Year,  
BARBARA

Garwood's Sarsaparilla—for the blood—guaranteed to cure. A. B. RAINS

### FALLEN FLOWERS.

One of the workers of the world,  
Living, toiled, and toiling, died,  
But others worked, and the world went on  
And was not changed when he was gone.  
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furling,  
And only a few men sighing.

One of the heroes of the world  
Fought to conquer, then fought to fall  
And fell down slain in his blood-stained mail,  
And over his form they slept.  
His cause was lost and his banner furling,  
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind  
Sang healing songs from an overwrought  
heart,  
But ere men listened the grass and wind  
Were waiting the rest unending like a wave.  
And now of his fame that will never depart  
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love  
Loved and grieved and faded away,  
Ah, me, are these gone to the God above?  
What more of each can I say?  
They are human flowers that flower and fall,  
This is the song and the end of them all.  
—Arthur O'Shaughnessy in Athenaeum.

### HOLDING THE BRIDGE

BY CHARLES D. LEWIS.

A knoll in a meadow, a bit of forest, a stone wall, a creek meandering through the fields and across a highway to empty its waters into a river two or three miles away—all these are points which may bring victory or defeat when 100,000 men grapple in a struggle. The guns rush for the hills and knolls when they go into action; the cavalry must have a clear sweep of the fields if they are to break lines of infantry; the marching battle lines are broken and thrown into confusion by a ditch across which a farmer's boy could spring with ease.

A mile and a half above our right wing is a simple wooden bridge spanning the creek to connect the highway. Above and below the bridge are steep banks, overgrown with bushes. A farmer or hunter would plunge downward through the bushes, bound over the babbling waters without effort and be at the top of the other bank in a moment. Not so with the battle line. It halts, wavers and marches by the right or left flank to find another crossing above or below. The guns change position at a dead run; the cavalry trot or gallop; the infantry move slowly and grudgingly and waste precious time. A battle is won or lost because a single brigade loses a quarter of an hour in reaching the position assigned to it. A division is turned aside by a wall, a regiment by a rail fence. These are the orders to the captain of Company F:

"You will march your company to the bridge and take up such position as you think best to prevent the army from crossing. If attacked by a hundred men, hold it; if attacked by a thousand, do not fall back. If the enemy forces the bridge, he will take our right wing and flank, you understand."

"Understand," replies the captain. "I am to hold the bridge to the last."  
"To the last!"  
Company F marched away by the right face and was soon lost to sight in the woods. In an hour it was throwing up an earthwork at the north end of the bridge. It was a simple ridge of earth, extending east and west across the highway and into the fields for a distance of 100 feet, with its center thicker and stronger than its wings. When that was finished, the men pulled down small trees and uprooted bushes, clogged the highway to the south of the bridge and heaped obstructions on the bridge itself. For two hours they worked like farmers, each man straightening up now and then to flit the sweat from his temples, and they then took up their muskets and were ready.

Did you ever try to imagine the sounds created by a great body of troops—a division or a corps—moving forward to battle? You hear a faraway neighing of horses, a rumbling of wheels, the blowing of bugles and the rattle of drums. All the various sounds go to make up one general, awesome sound, as if you could see through the forests and over the hills and know that a great tidal wave was sweeping toward you from the shores of the sea. The sounds come nearer and nearer, and you seem to feel the tramp of the thousands of feet. You hear a mighty muttering, as of men scolding at each other. Your ear catches fragments which speak of menace and peril and make you look behind to see if the road is clear for flight. It is the march of the specter of death, and its fleshless bones rattle as it tramps forward over the highways to another feast of blood.

"There they come! Steady now!"  
The enemy should have sent a force forward to seize the bridge three hours ago, but of the hundred details of a battle some are overlooked or some are blunders. In front of the division marching at will over the dusty road is an advance guard to clear the way; in front of the advance guard is a cavalryman. The latter are first to make the turn of the highway and note the obstructions and the earthwork at the north end. They smile in derision. In front of them are 100 men; behind them five brigades. There will be a rush down the narrow road with its walls of clay, over the bridge, over the earthwork, a score of dead and wounded friends and foes, and the specter of death will hardly have been halted on its march.

"See and hear 'em, Tom?" queries an old veteran of his right hand man as he peers over the top of the earthwork.

"Aye, Ben!" is the answer.

"How many?"

"A division at least."

"And where are we going to do?"

"Die here, of course! Didn't the captain say we were to hold the bridge to the last?"

"But, d—n it, it ain't a fair show," protested Ben. "Who's fightin' 50 to 1 and expectin' to come out on top?"

"Nobody. We are comin' out in the trenches with two feet of earth to cover us up. Feel shaky, old man?"

"Numb, but it ain't a fair show."

"Better save yer breath. We ain't lookin' for fair shows just now. Lordy, but what a chance to swipe it to 'em! They are formin' up around the bend, and we'll hev it redhot in about a minute!"

Around the bend of the road 200 infantry formed up in lines eight abreast. The width of the road allowed for no more. With bayonets fixed and muskets at the trail they waited for a minute and then made a dash. From the center of the earthwork leaped a sheet of flame a third of the way across the bridge. From the right and left other sheets of flame. Every musket had a rest on top of the earthwork—every sight covered a human target.

The head of the advancing column did not reach the planks of the bridge. It met a way in the midst of the obstructions, to create other obstructions, and 40 men lay dead and wounded as the smoke lazily drifted away from the stream.

"Purdy fair fur what time we was at it,"

said Ben as he rose up for a look after reloading.

"We ought to got at least 20 more at sich elus shootin'," growled Tom in reply. "They'll come ag'in, of course!"

"Don't be a d— fool, Ben. D'y'e think the loss of 40 or 50 men would stop one of our divisions from gittin' somewhere? If you feel tired and sleepy, you'd better ask fur leave to go to the rear!"

"Say, I don't want too much of yer chin, old man!"

"Oh, you don't! Waal, you jest 'tend to fightin' and dyin' and don't worry about my chin. Better shot yer eyes this time and see if you can't damage some of 'em."

That dash was a feeler to develop the strength defending the bridge and to see if it was mined for blowing up. Around the bend of the road they laughed at the idea of 100 men holding a division at bay. Farther back the soldiers trotted and fumed and officers cursed and swore at the delay. Down on the left the battle was already opening, and Death was sharpening his scythe on the stone walls which men of peace had built up 50 years before.

"Get ready! Fire at will!"  
This time a column of 500 men, formed eight abreast as before, dashed at the bridge with ringing cheers, and though the first four or five ranks went down others lived to reach the earthwork and to make a fierce fight for its possession. For ten minutes there was shot and shout and curse and groan, and then the bridge was clear again—clear of all but the dead and wounded. The veteran Ben was one of the half dozen who started to cheer as the enemy sullenly fell back, but Tom interrupted him with:

"What yer makin' a cussed fool of yerself fur?"

"We've licked 'em ag'in!"

"Licked hell! If this war don't end in less'n three months, ye won't know 'nuff to pound sand! The idea of yer yawpin and whoopin over a victory when we've lost at least 20 men and when we are sartin to be wiped out body and butes! Look along the lines!"

Ben looked up and down the lines and shivered as he noted the dead and wounded who had fallen out. And now the enemy deployed a force to the right, another to the left, at the men crept forward to the very brink of the ravine and opened such a hot fire that no defender of the earthwork could lift his head. Under cover of this fire a force formed up in the road for a dash across the bridge. The captain sent an order along the earthwork, and each crouching man made ready to rise up and fire when the critical moment came.

"Say, this is gettin' to be redhot!" exclaimed Ben as the bullets sent the dirt flying over his head.

"Waal, we don't need any ice just now!" grimly replied Tom.

"We are goin' to git licked on this deal, old man."

"Not licked, but wiped out. The orders are to hold the bridge to the last, and our captain's the man to do it. Purty leetle fight—mighty purty. Lots of heads will git busted when we arise up to fire. Never had a bullet through yer cokenut, did ye?"

Ben did not answer. Just then came the order to fire at will, and as the muskets looked over the earthwork the enemy cheered and dashed for the bridge a third time. Over the rocks and bushes obstructing the road, over the wounded, crying out over the dead and over the blood spots, and again they reached the earthwork and fought hand to hand.

"Guess they'll stay licked this time," growled Ben as the enemy fell back after ten minutes' fighting.

"Oh, ye do!" sneered Tom as he jabbed his bayonet into the earthwork to clear it of the blood. "Waal, of all the blamed idiots in Grant's army ye take the cake! We've got about ten men left to hold a division, and ye are countin' on a victory!"

"Then why don't we retreat?"

"Ag'in orders, ye old shell back. Here's whar we die and over that is whar they'll bury us."

Now the enemy, maddened by the delay and resistance, crossed men above and below the bridge, and they were soon taking the breastwork in rear. The captain was down, his lieutenants were down—a corporal had command of the remnant of the hundred men.

"What d'y'e call this?" asked Ben as the bullets began to come in from flank and rear.

"Next door to hell," replied Tom. "Face about and see if ye can't hit a barn door."

"I've dropped a man every time I've fired, and—"

"Got yer dose, eh? Waal, I told ye it would be a wipe out. Sorry fur ye, old man, but war would be a picnic if nobody was killed. Guess I'm the only one left, and I'll go back and report."

And half an hour later, wounded in the arm and shoulder and hip, a powder stained, dead covered old veteran appeared before his colonel and saluted and said:

"Company F, sir. Detailed to hold the bridge above."

"Well?"

"Enemy forced the crossing half an hour ago. Captain dead, lieutenants dead—all dead but me!"

**The Worship of Athletics.**  
Both boys and men when they have opened any paper very soon turn to see what is said about athletics. People go in thousands to see matches of cricket, boxing, football, running and bicycle races. Matters connected with these matches keep the telegraph busy and furnish the large headings for posters. They induce men of the highest position and gravest character to write to the newspapers and to discuss such matters from a purely athletic point of view, leaving out of sight all moral questions which may happen to be involved. Portraits of athletes are everywhere, and their histories and condition are generally known. I was present when a certain distinguished man was introduced to a great English bishop. "He is the father of P. T.," said his introducer, naming a youth well known for his powers of cutting.—National Review.

**The Bishop's Knee Breeches.**  
It is told of a certain bishop that, while dining at the house of one of his friends, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the bishop approached the boy and asked:

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a glance at the bishop's knee breeches. "You're all right, only" (hesitatingly) "won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?"—London Figaro.

**Prosperity as a Leader.**  
"As you never work, Slowly, I can't understand why you take such an interest in trade reports."

"Well, when other men are prosperous I find it easier to borrow money from them."—Chicago Post.

## The Maury County Bell Telephone.

Their List Grows Larger.

Have now about 356 Telephones in actual use in the county.

The following subscribers have been added since the publication of last list.

Please keep this for reference.

Call by numbers only.



| NO.   | NAME.                       | LOCALITY.  | STREET.              |
|-------|-----------------------------|------------|----------------------|
| 177   | Addison, Walter.            | Residence. | South Main.          |
| 149   | Abbott & Buchanan.          | Residence. | Sixth Street.        |
| 142   | Alexander, A. J.            | Residence. | Fourth Street.       |
| 245   | Andrews, D. Boyd.           | Residence. | Ninth Street.        |
| 201   | Barker, William.            | Residence. | N. Garden Street.    |
|       | Barnett, W. A.              | Grocery.   | Call Mt. Pleasant.   |
| 15-2  | Brazier, John.              | Residence. | Ninth Street.        |
| 124-1 | Choate, J. M.               | Residence. | Carter's Creek pike. |
| 238   | Collier, Jno.               | Residence. | South Garden.        |
|       | Gracey, Jno.                | Residence. | Call Culleoka.       |
| 108   | Guest, J. Hough.            | Residence. | Garden Street.       |
| 240   | Harbison, Mrs. D. A.        | Residence. | Eighth Street.       |
| 243   | Harrison, Miss Birdie.      | Residence. | South Columbia.      |
| 81-4  | Harrison, J. R.             | Residence. | Nashville pike.      |
| 71    | Hughes, L. B.               | Residence. | West Seventh.        |
| 247   | Gordon, T. E.               | Residence. | Sixth Street.        |
| 47    | Johnson, W. W.              | Residence. | Nashville pike.      |
| 5     | Johnson, Rev. W. H.         | Residence. | Call Culleoka.       |
| 244   | Joyce, Mrs. E. Irvine.      | Residence. | Sixth and Garden.    |
| 240   | Long, John.                 | Residence. | Sixth Street.        |
| 249   | Lovell, Miss Nannie.        | Residence. | Campbellville pk.    |
| 173-2 | Matthews, J. W.             | Residence. | Campbellville pk.    |
| 200   | Meadows, T. C.              | Office.    | Over F. and M. Bk.   |
| 207-4 | McFall, Geo.                | Residence. | Hampshire pike.      |
| 241   | McKennon, W. E.             | Grocery.   | West Seventh.        |
| 231   | Murray, W. H. (The Barber). | Residence. | South High.          |
| 233   | Phillips Bros.              | Residence. | Sowell Mill pike.    |
| 232   | Phelan, D. C.               | Residence. | North High.          |
| 246   | Pinion, S. R.               | Residence. | South Columbia.      |
| 155-2 | Ritt, Joe.                  | Grocery.   | Public Square.       |
| 211   | Roberts Bros.               | Residence. | Sixth Street.        |
| 242   | Shotts, G. W. C.            | Residence. | South Columbia.      |
| 238-3 | Smithwick's Bakery.         | Residence. | Bethel Block.        |
| 58    | Tuck, Wm. (The Barber).     | Residence. | South Columbia.      |
| 83    | Tucker, Joe.                | Residence. | Sixth Street.        |
| 171   | Ware, Mrs. W. T.            | Residence. | South High.          |
| 137-4 | Watson, W. H.               | Residence. | Pulaski pike.        |
| 137-2 | Watson, Gus.                | Residence. | South Main.          |
| 98    | White, Geo.                 | Residence. | Eighth.              |

### New Toll Stations Recently Added.

Lynnville, Ind. Fulda, Ind. Tiptonville, Tenn. Middleton, Tenn.  
Pocahontas, Tenn. Salusbury, Tenn. Essary Springs, Tenn.

We have room for more. See

**Leland Hume, or W. T. Naff.**

## R. L. WEAKLEY,

Successor to

WEAKLEY BROS.,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

**Furniture,  
Carpets and  
Wall Paper.**

225 North Summer Street,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

dealt at

## Dr. Jos. T. Meadors,

DENTIST,

Garden Street, between 7th and 8th.

Columbia, : Tenn.

Telephone No. 72.

apr18

## ROBT. BERG,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

And dealer in

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,

Fine watch and jewelry

repairing a specialty.

Bethel Block, : COLUMBIA, TENN

may11

## Non-Resident Notice.

L. C. Williams vs. Myrtle Williams.

Petition for divorce.

In the above styled cause it appears to me from the petition of the plaintiff, which is sworn to, that the defendant, Myrtle Williams is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee, and that her whereabouts are not known to plaintiff and cannot be ascertained after the most diligent inquiry, it is therefore ordered by me, that publication be made in the Columbia Herald, a newspaper published in the city of Columbia, Tennessee, for five days before the 1st Monday in February, 1898, requiring said defendant to appear before the Judge of our Circuit Court at a session thereof to be held in the city of Columbia on the first Monday in February, 1898, and make defense to the suit of the plaintiff, which is an application for divorce from her, or the same will be taken for confessed against her and set for hearing exparte. Witness my hand at office in Columbia, this Dec. 31, 1897.

J. B. Bond, Atty.

Jan. 7th-4t.

## LAND SALE.

W. L. Holman, vs. Lucius Witt, et al.

Pursuant to an order of sale entered at the January term, 1898, of the Circuit Court of Maury County, Tennessee, I will on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1898,

at 12 o'clock (noon) sell to the highest and best bidder, at the court-house door, in the city of Columbia, Tennessee, the following described house and lot, bounded as follows, to-wit: South by Ester Harris; east by Phelan; north by Street and west by Hayes.

TERMS OF SALE.—Said house and lot will be sold on a credit of six, twelve, and eighteen months, free from the right and equity of redemption. Notes with approved security, bearing interest from date of sale, will be required of the purchaser, and a lien retained upon the property to secure the payment of said notes.

J. F. WILEY, Clerk and Com'r.  
W. J. Towler, Solicitor.

jan7 4t

## LAND SALE.

J. M. Mayes, use &c., vs. W. T. Mitchell.

In obedience to a decree of the Chancery Court at Columbia, made at the August term, 1893, in the above-styled case, and revived at October term 1897, at page 339, I will, on

Saturday, the 29th Day of Jan'y, 1898,

in front of the court-house door, in Columbia, sell to the highest and best bidder the property in said decree described, being a tract of land lying and being in 21st civil district of Maury County, Tennessee, bounded and described as follows:

Situated in the 21st civil district of Maury County, Tennessee, and beginning in the western boundary of the Wilson tract at a bush marked "P. J. A. 1539," and running north 102 poles and 21 links to a bush, the north-west corner of the Wilson tract; thence with the north boundary of the same east 159 poles, 8 links to a stake in a large gulch; thence south 35 degrees west 106 poles, 17 links to a stake and small rock fence, from south 35 degrees east at 20 links is a sugar-free pointer; thence north 88 degrees west 142 poles, 6 links east to a poplar stump with a walnut pointer; thence west 16 1/2 poles to the beginning, containing 103 1/2 acres, including and excluding 60 acres of said tract; the quantity being extended by this conveyance beginning at a stake, formerly a bench marked "P. J. A." on the west bank of a branch; running thence north 102 poles and 91 links to a dead stump; thence east 92 1/2 poles to a stake; thence south 104 poles to a rock with peachtree pointers; thence north 88 degrees 15 minutes west 76 poles to a stake near poplar stump; thence west 16 1/2 poles to the beginning, the land herein described being 43 1/2 acres, the remainder of said tract of 103 1/2 acres after excluding the above described quantity of 60 acres, and also the 30-9-10 acres sold to R. P. Stegall, for description of which see plat and decree minutes, July 27, 1886 at page 537.

TERMS OF SALE.—Said sale will be made on a credit of six and twelve months, and in bar of the equity of redemption. Notes, drawing interest from day of sale, with good personal security, will be required of the purchaser, and a lien will be retained on the property sold as further security.

Jan 7 4t A. N. AK